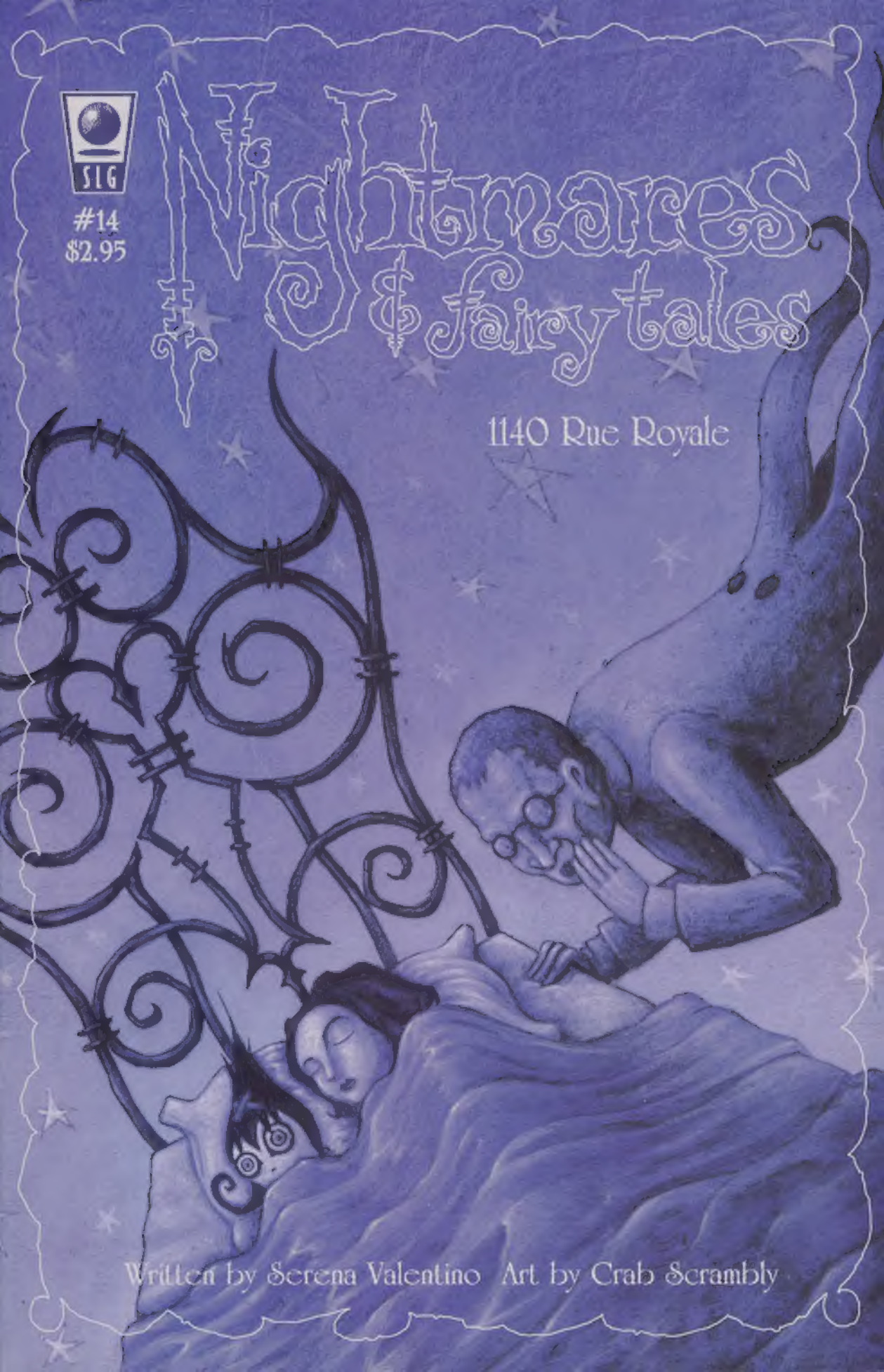
SLG
#14
$2.95
Nightmares & fairy tales
1140 Rue Royale
Written by Serena Valentino Art by Crab Scrambly

Nightmares & Fairy Tales #14

1140 Rue Royale — Part Two of Six

Story: Serena Valentino

Illustration: Crab Scrambly

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www.serenavalentino.com

A word from the author:
This story is a work of fiction; inspired by debatable historical events — it was not written to exploit or trivialize this manner of human suffering and atrocities - rather, I am rewriting history in an attempt at giving the victims a voice and a means for revenge.

Serena Valentino

ANNABELLE SPEAKS:

This is Victoria and Rebecca's story. But more truly this tale belongs to the house and the dead that inhabit it. My thoughts do not penetrate this narrative. You shall learn this story from Victoria and Rebecca's own eternal feelings, their innermost fears, dreams and secret desires.

After all, I am privy to such knowledge, and I think sharing their secrets with you will bring an entirely new light on the path I've been taken on. The horrors I've witnessed, and the women who have possessed me.

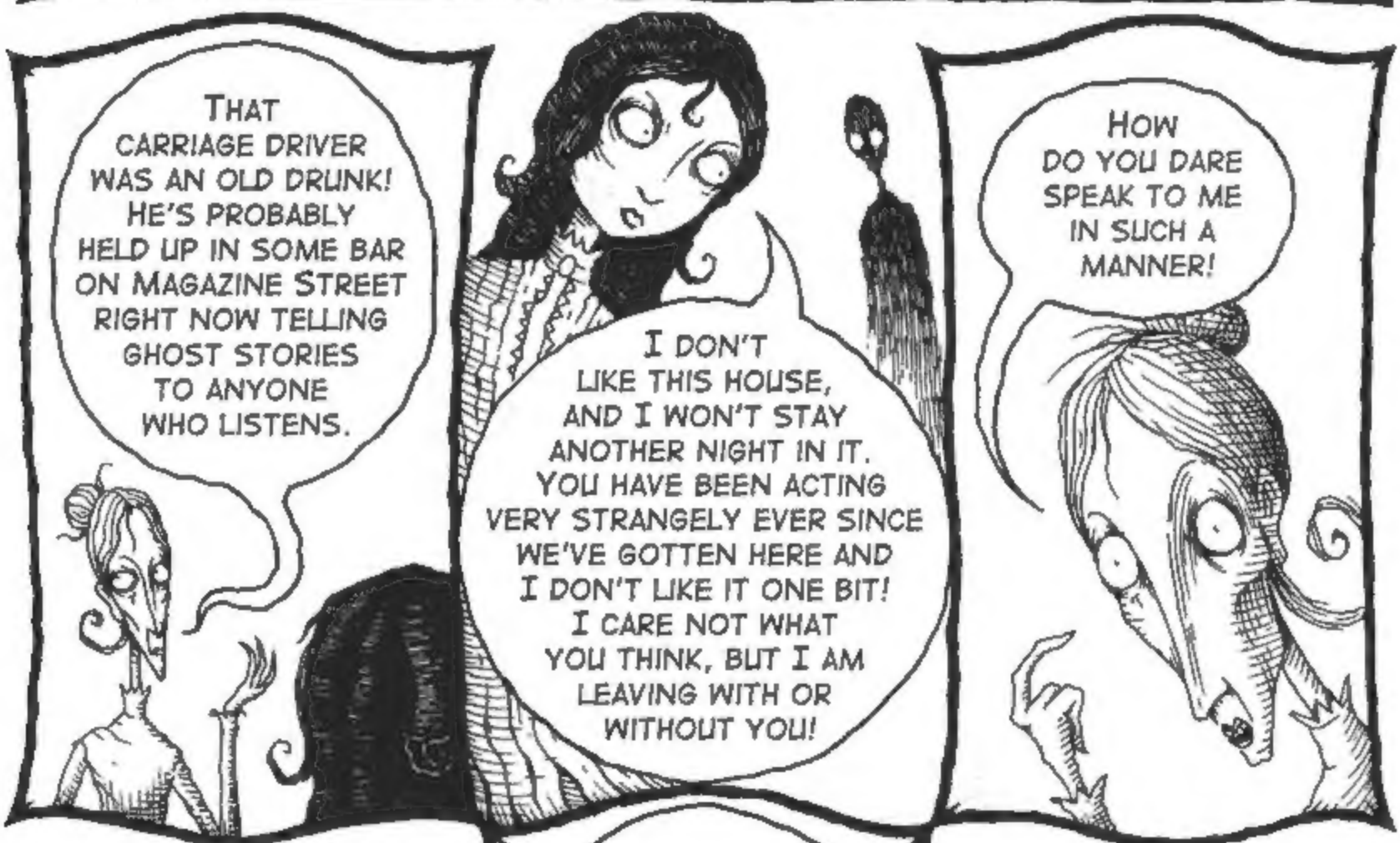
Nightmares & Fairy Tales, Issue #14, October 2005. Created by Serena Valentino & Foo Swee Chin (FSC). Nightmares & Fairy Tales ™ & © Serena Valentino. Art ™ & © Crab Scrambly. All rights reserved. Published by Slave Labor Graphics, P.O. Box 26427, San Jose, CA 95159-6427. No part of this publication may be reproduced without the permission of Serena Valentino & SLG Publishing, except for purposes of review. Printed in Canada. Call 1-800-866-8929 for a free SLG catalog.

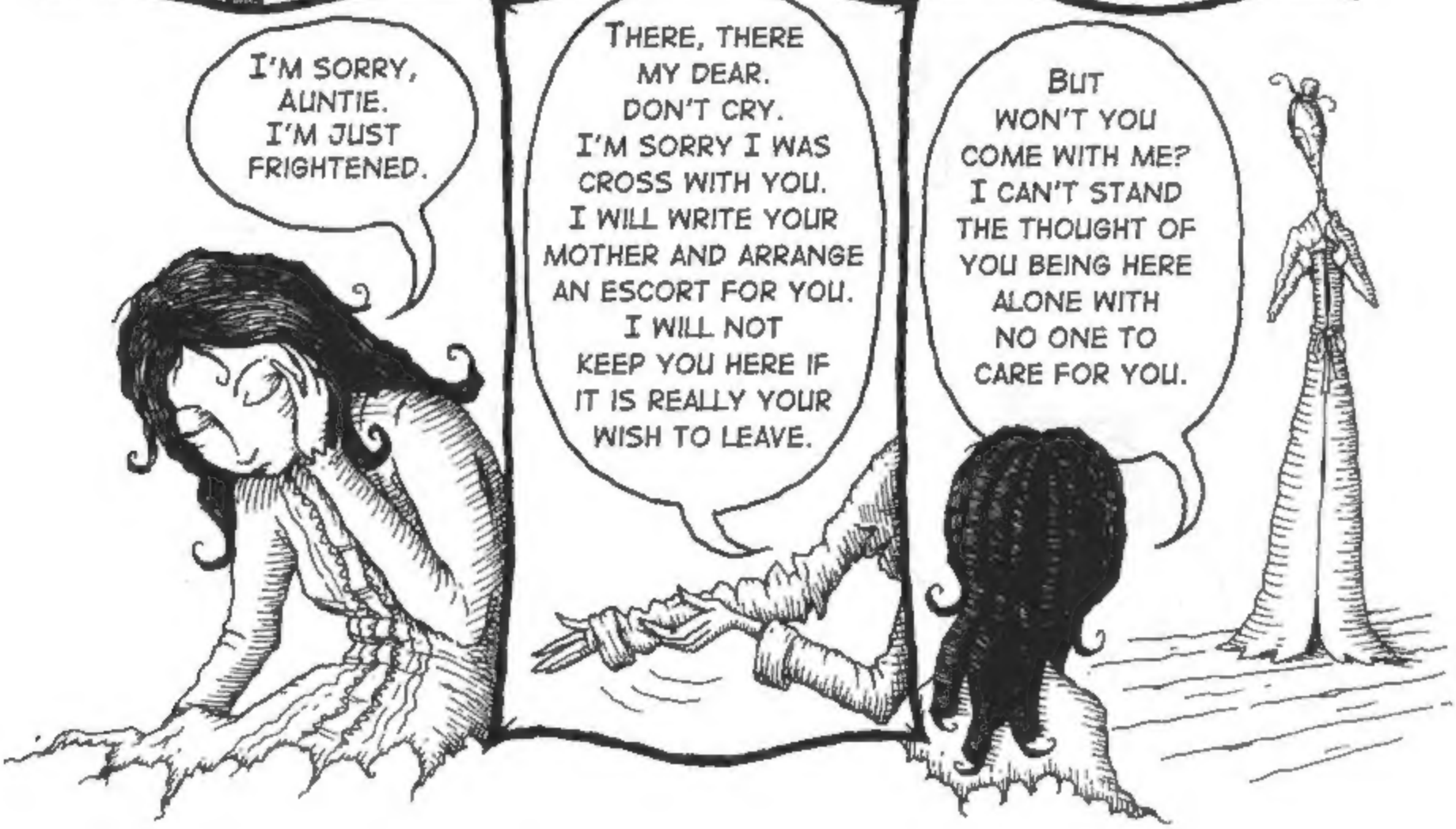
THE HOUSE WAS SLEEPING... AND NOW YOU'VE GONE AND WOKEN IT UP.

AUNT VICTORIA.
AUNT VICTORIA, PLEASE WAKE UP. YOU'RE HAVING A NIGHTMARE.
KEEP THEM AWAY FROM ME, BECCA! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME!
AUNTIE, IT WAS ONLY A DREAM. YOU'RE SAFE.
WHAT A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE!
WHAT HAPPENED? YOU WENT UP TO CHECK ON THE MAID AND NEVER CAME BACK DOWN. WHEN I CAME UP TO SEE WHAT WAS TAKING YOU, I FOUND YOU LYING ON THE FLOOR.
THEN IT WASN'T A NIGHTMARE.

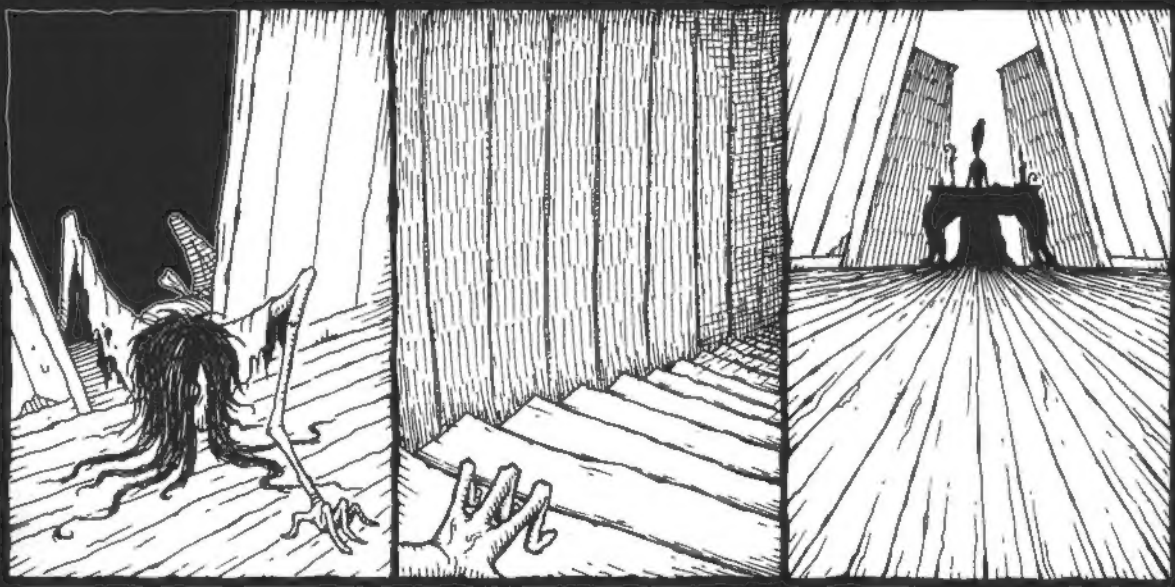
AUNT VICTORIA?
I DON'T REMEMBER.
HAS THIS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT? I FOUND YOU ON THE FLOOR CLUTCHING IT IN YOUR HAND.
NO, NOT A NIGHTMARE AT ALL.
NO GIRL IN HER RIGHT MIND WOULD CLEAN A HOUSE OF THIS SIZE AND LEAVE THE MONEY UNTOUCHED! THAT'S WHY YOU WERE FRIGHTENED. YOU THINK THEY DID IT DON'T YOU?
WHO CLEANED THE HOUSE IF THE CLEANING GIRL WAS TOO FRIGHTENED?
THERE HAS TO BE SOME MISTAKE.
WHO ARE THEY, EXACTLY?
THAT'S OUTRAGEOUS! DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THOSE OLD STORIES?
MRS. CLAYTON DOES, AND SO DOES HALF THE TOWN!
THE GHOSTS... THE SLAVES MADAME LALAURIE MURDERED.
YOU WATCH YOUR TONE WHEN TALKING TO ME, YOUNG LADY.

THE CARRIAGE DRIVER SAID THEIR SOULS ARE TRAPPED IN THIS HOUSE, DOOMED TO RELIVE THEIR TORTURE UNTIL THEY SEEK REVENGE.
I DON'T REMEMBER HIM SAYING THAT, REBECCA. ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE RECALLING IT CORRECTLY?
I KNOW I HEARD IT FROM SOMEONE.


THAT CARRIAGE DRIVER WAS AN OLD DRUNK! HE'S PROBABLY HELD UP IN SOME BAR ON MAGAZINE STREET RIGHT NOW TELLING GHOST STORIES TO ANYONE WHO LISTENS.
I DON'T LIKE THIS HOUSE, AND I WON'T STAY ANOTHER NIGHT IN IT. YOU HAVE BEEN ACTING VERY STRANGELY EVER SINCE WE'VE GOTTEN HERE AND I DON'T LIKE IT ONE BIT! I CARE NOT WHAT YOU THINK, BUT I AM LEAVING WITH OR WITHOUT YOU!
HOW DO YOU DARE SPEAK TO ME IN SUCH A MANNER!

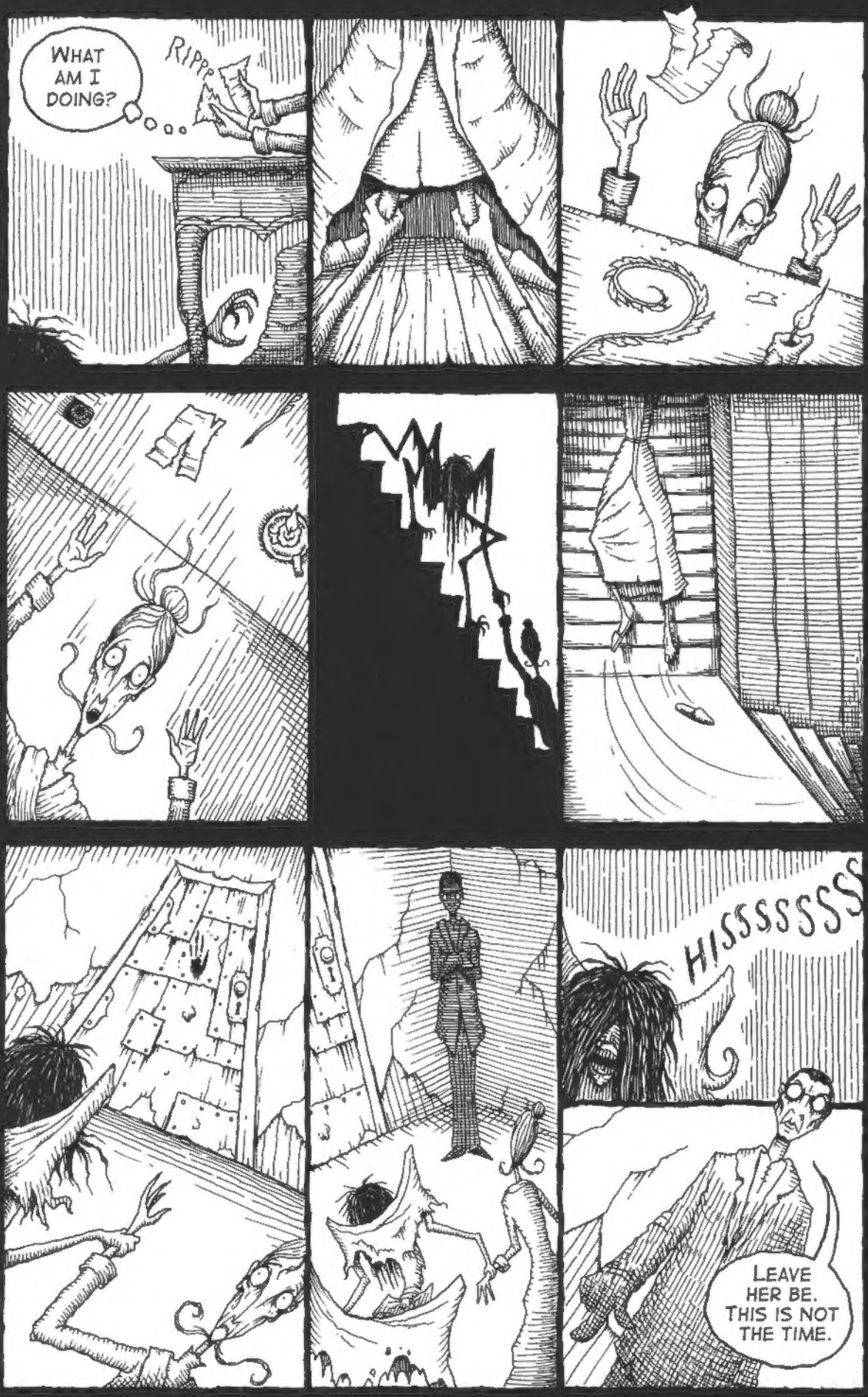

I'M SORRY, AUNTIE. I'M JUST FRIGHTENED.
THERE, THERE MY DEAR. DON'T CRY. I'M SORRY I WAS CROSS WITH YOU. I WILL WRITE YOUR MOTHER AND ARRANGE AN ESCORT FOR YOU. I WILL NOT KEEP YOU HERE IF IT IS REALLY YOUR WISH TO LEAVE.
BUT WON'T YOU COME WITH ME? I CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF YOU BEING HERE ALONE WITH NO ONE TO CARE FOR YOU.

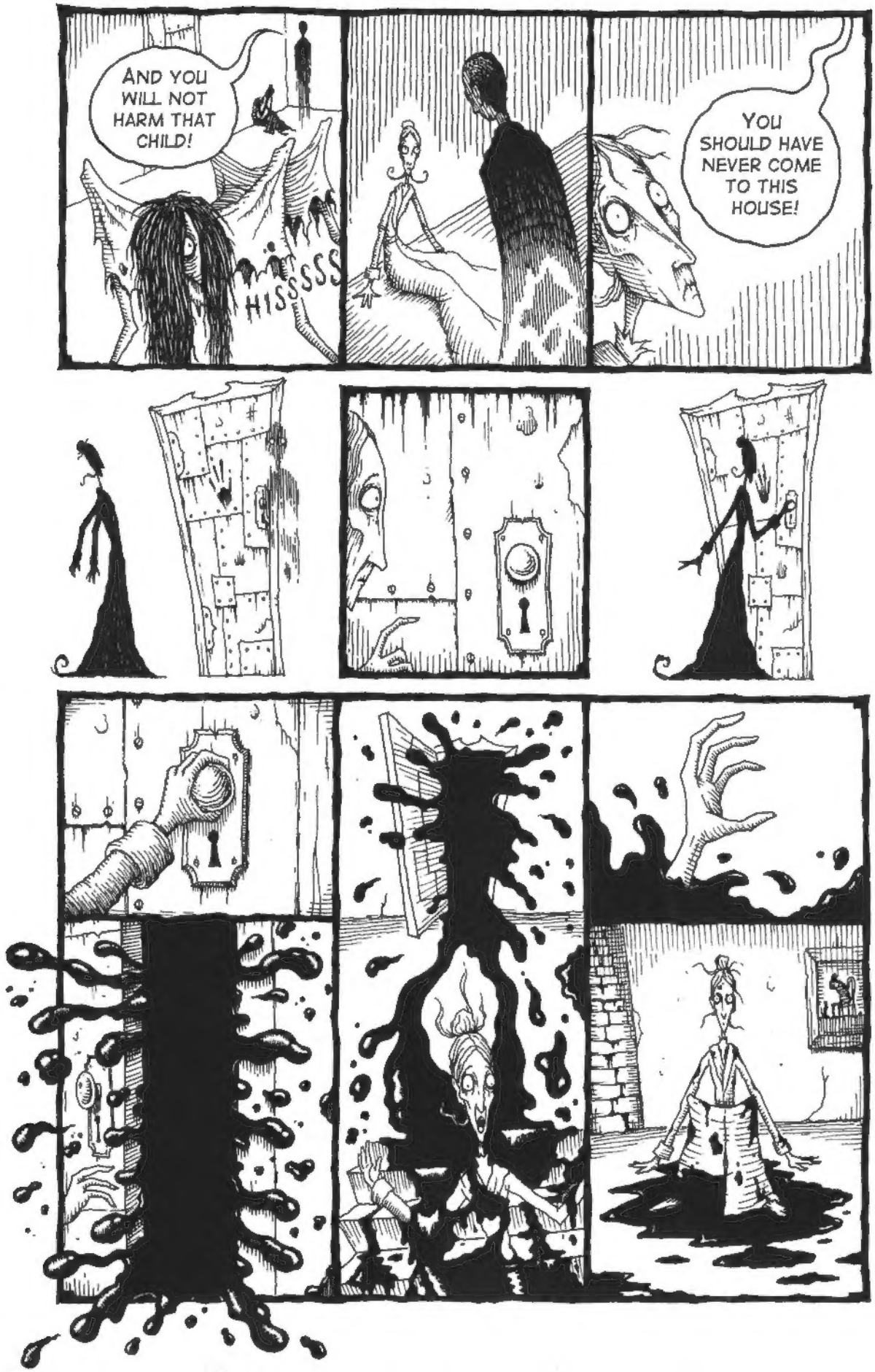
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO THE LIBRARY, DEAR, SO I CAN WRITE YOUR MOTHER. I WON'T KEEP YOU HERE AGAINST YOUR WILL.
WHAT AM I TO DO?
SLEEP, MY DEAR CHILD. YOU NEED YOUR REST.
THAT'S RIGHT, DEAR. THERE'S NO NEED TO BE FRIGHTENED. APOLLO WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU AND TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW.



Dante's Inf
How to Pickpocket in A Hippy Crowd
Book of the Dead
Shakespeare
NECRONOMICON
Grimm's Fairy
Poisons
Cabinet of

I SHOULD HAVE NEVER BROUGHT HER HERE.


WHAT AM I DOING?
RIPPP
HISSSSSSS
LEAVE HER BE. THIS IS NOT THE TIME.

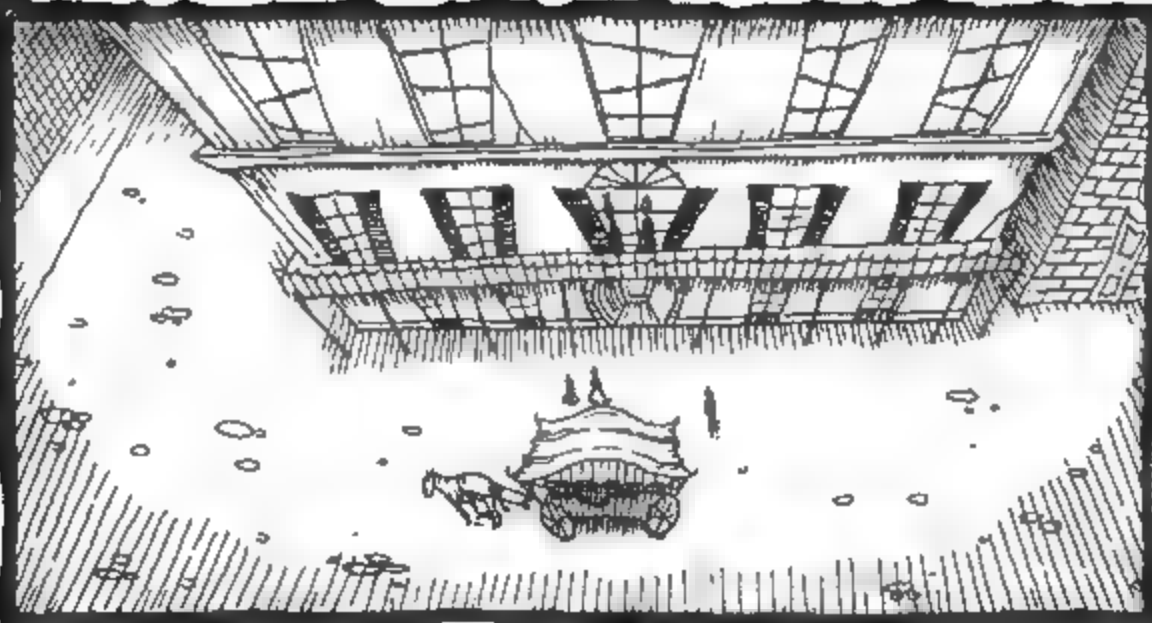

AND YOU WILL NOT HARM THAT CHILD!
HISSSSS
YOU SHOULD HAVE NEVER COME TO THIS HOUSE!

AAAIEEE!

WHAT IS IT, DEAR? ARE YOU HURT?
SOMEONE WAS TELLING ME HORRIBLE THINGS ABOUT THIS HOUSE!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A NIGHTMARE.
COME DEAR, WE HAVE TO DRESS QUICKLY.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO GET SOME HELP.



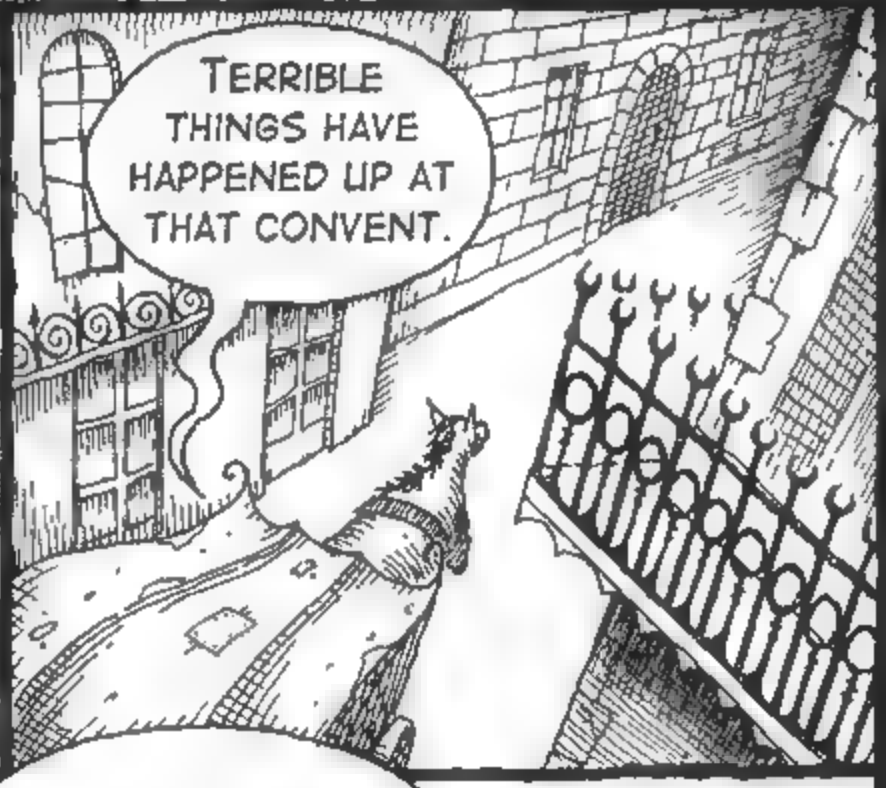
GOOD MORNING, SIR.
GOOD MORNING, LADIES.

WHERE AM I TAKING YOU ON THIS FINE DAY?

URSULINES AND CHARTRES STREETS PLEASE.

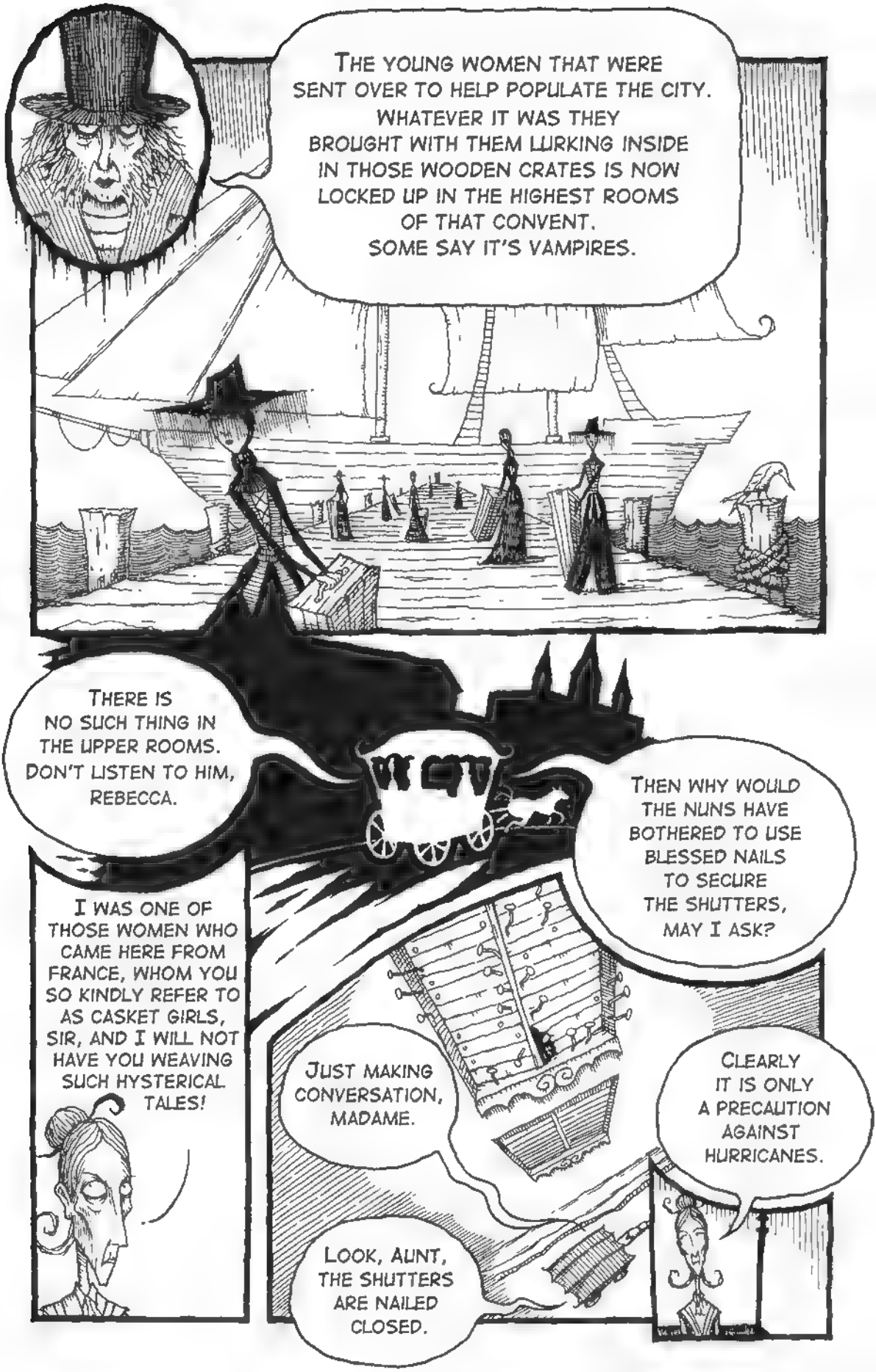
THE URSULINE CONVENT, MADAME?

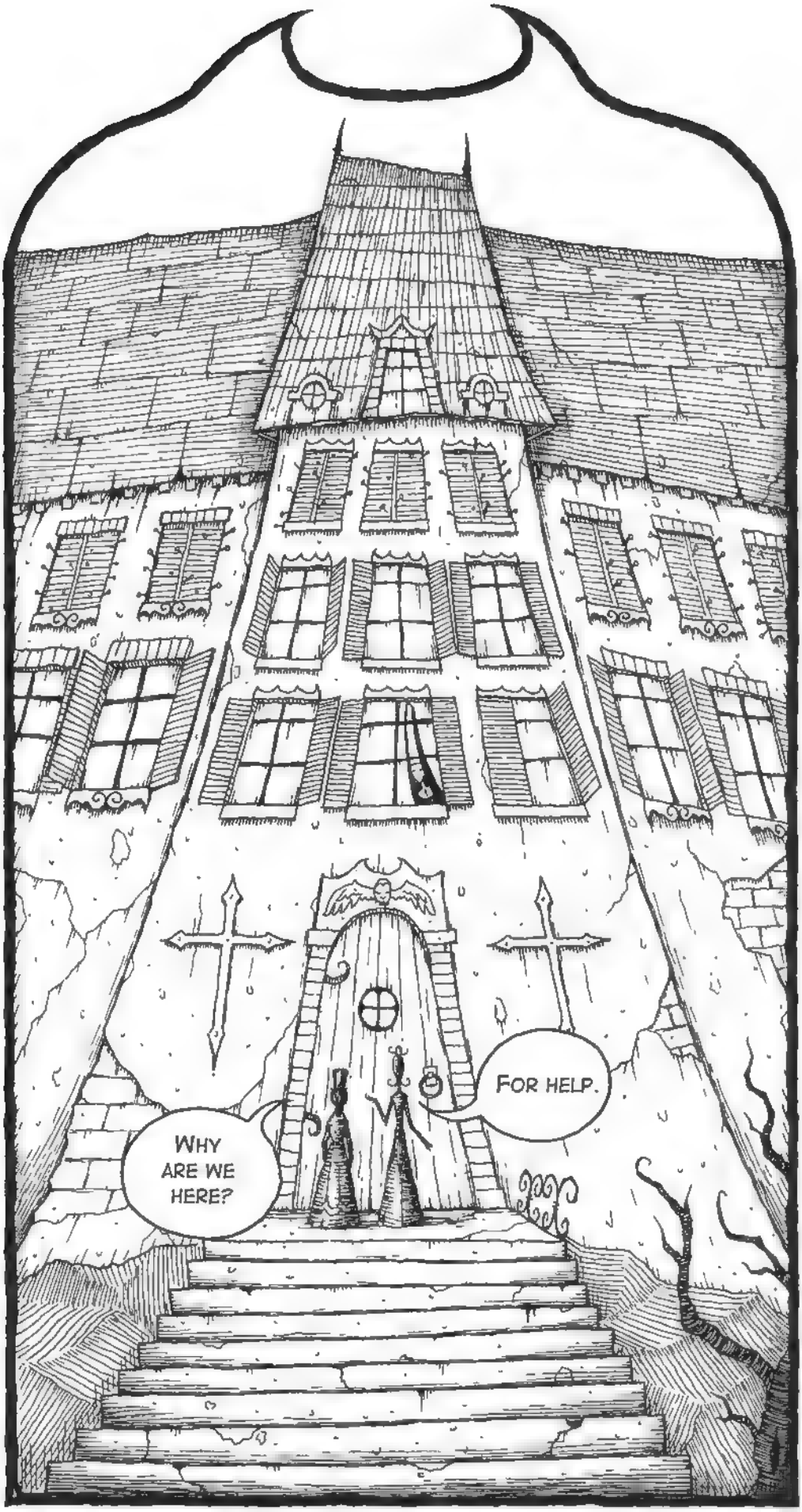
YES, THANK YOU.

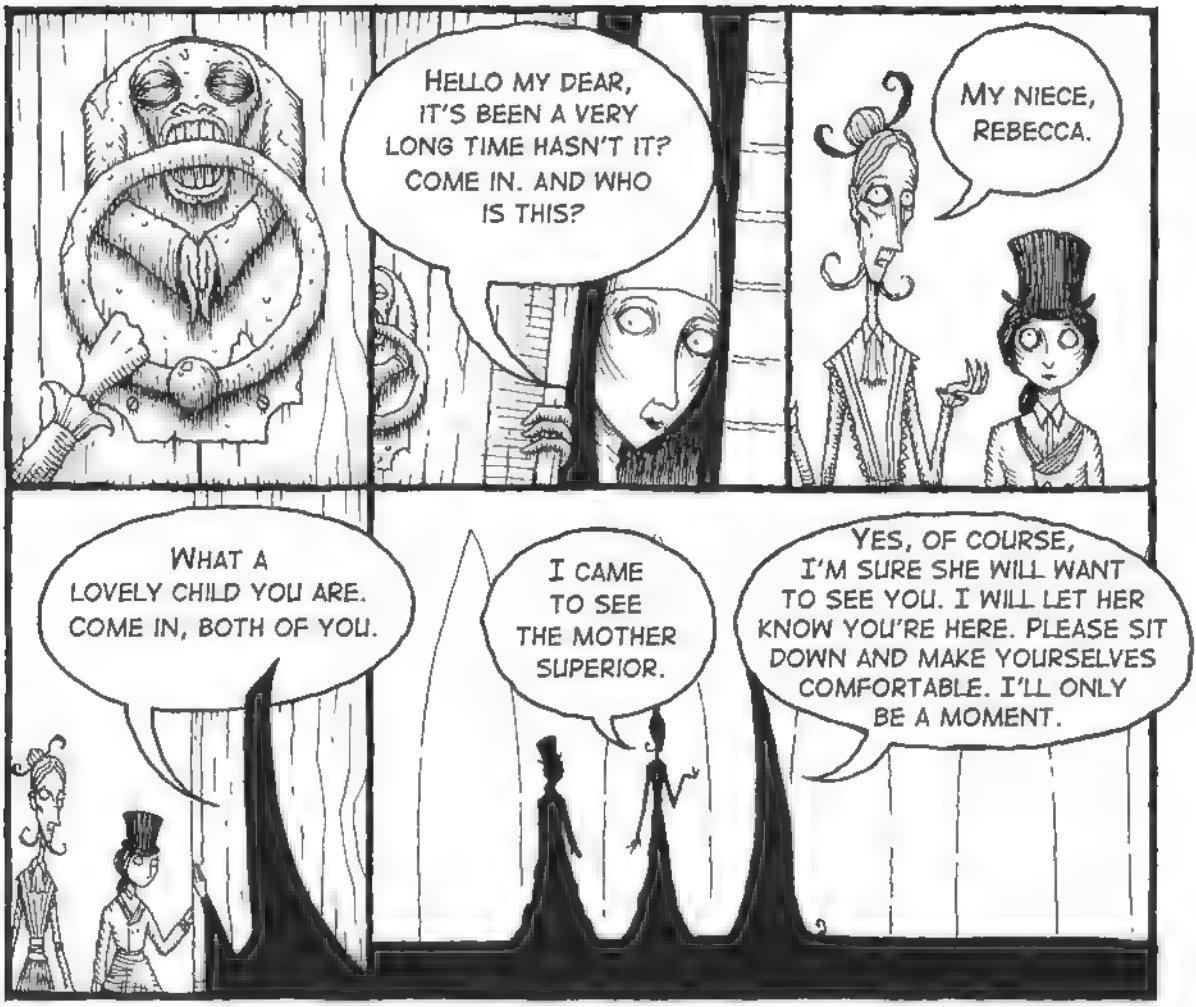

TERRIBLE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED UP AT THAT CONVENT.

THE CASKET GIRLS BROUGHT A HORRIBLE EVIL TO THIS CITY WHEN THEY ARRIVED FROM FRANCE.
YOU SEE EVIL LURKING IN EVERY CORNER, DON'T YOU, SIR?

CASKET GIRLS?


THE YOUNG WOMEN THAT WERE SENT OVER TO HELP POPULATE THE CITY. WHATEVER IT WAS THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM LURKING INSIDE IN THOSE WOODEN CRATES IS NOW LOCKED UP IN THE HIGHEST ROOMS OF THAT CONVENT. SOME SAY IT'S VAMPIRES.
THERE IS NO SUCH THING IN THE UPPER ROOMS. DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, REBECCA.
I WAS ONE OF THOSE WOMEN WHO CAME HERE FROM FRANCE, WHOM YOU SO KINDLY REFER TO AS CASKET GIRLS, SIR, AND I WILL NOT HAVE YOU WEAVING SUCH HYSTERICAL TALES!
THEN WHY WOULD THE NUNS HAVE BOTHERED TO USE BLESSED NAILS TO SECURE THE SHUTTERS, MAY I ASK?
JUST MAKING CONVERSATION, MADAME.
CLEARLY IT IS ONLY A PRECAUTION AGAINST HURRICANES.
LOOK, AUNT, THE SHUTTERS ARE NAILED CLOSED.

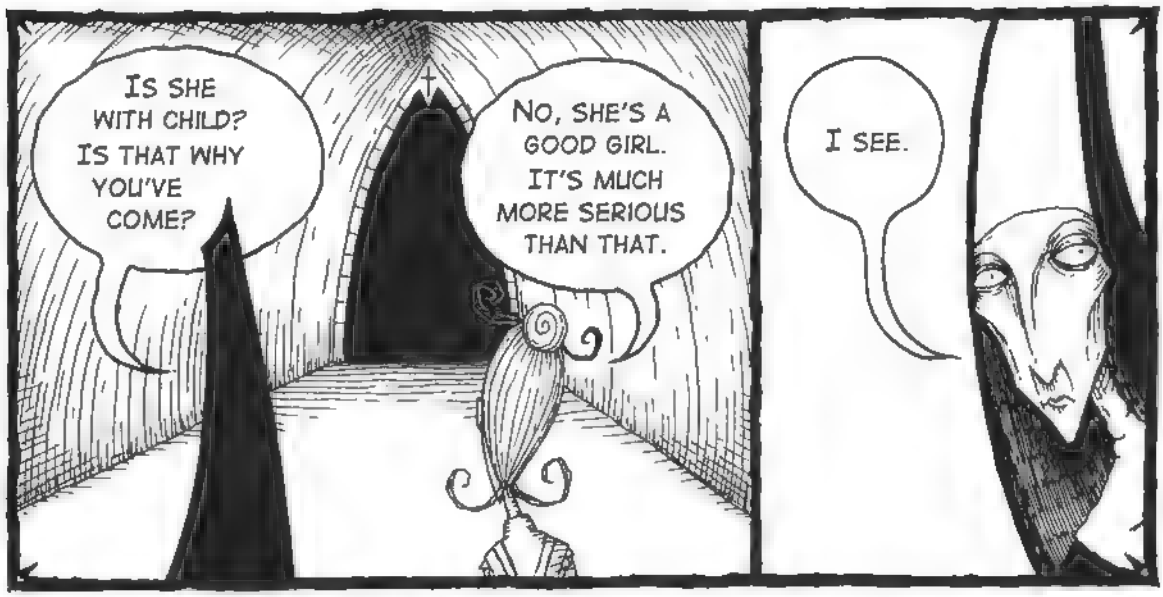

WHY ARE WE HERE?
FOR HELP.

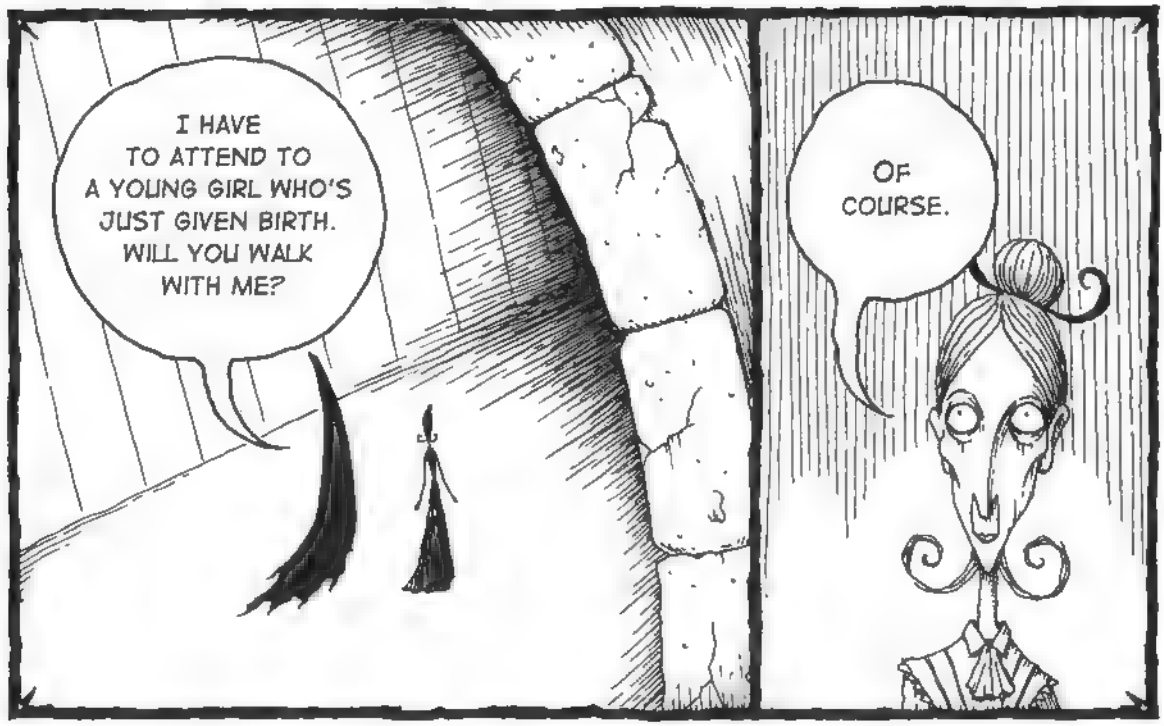

HELLO MY DEAR, IT'S BEEN A VERY LONG TIME HASN'T IT? COME IN. AND WHO IS THIS?
MY NIECE, REBECCA.
WHAT A LOVELY CHILD YOU ARE. COME IN, BOTH OF YOU.
I CAME TO SEE THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.
YES, OF COURSE, I'M SURE SHE WILL WANT TO SEE YOU. I WILL LET HER KNOW YOU'RE HERE. PLEASE SIT DOWN AND MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE. I'LL ONLY BE A MOMENT.

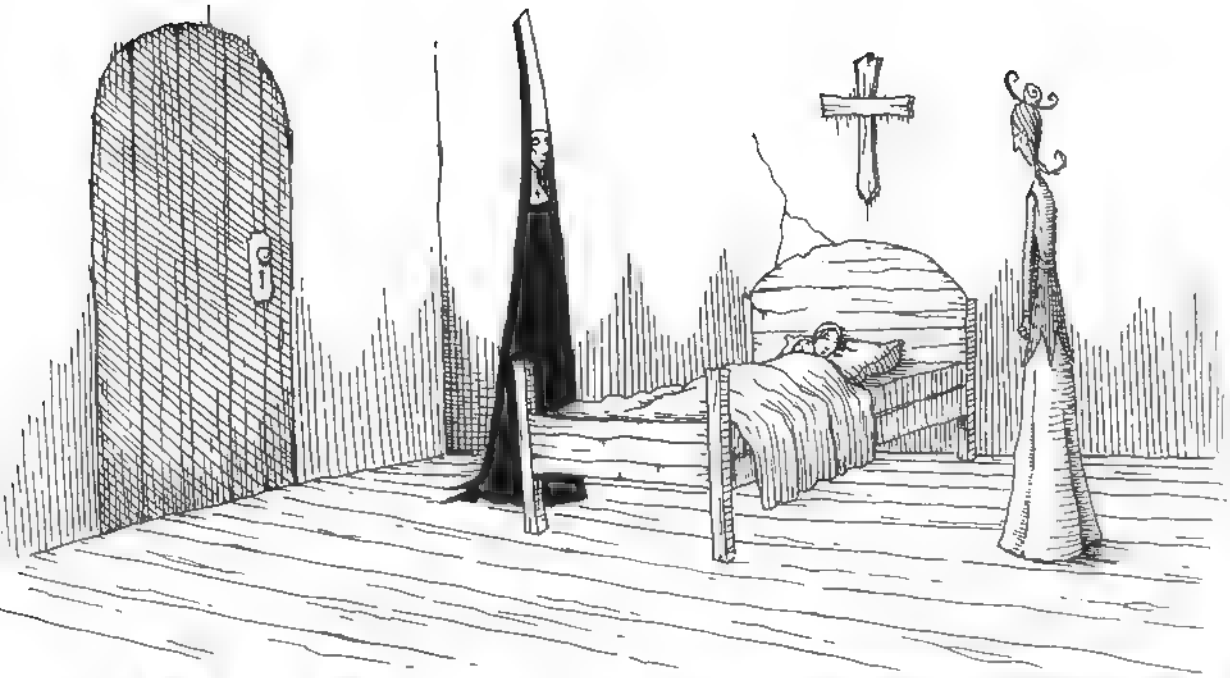
THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS PLACE.
NONSENSE. YOU SOUND LIKE THAT OLD FOOL OF A CARRIAGE DRIVER.
NO, REALLY, IT DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT. I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE.
CALM YOURSELF. I LIVED HERE AS A YOUNG GIRL. I ASSURE YOU IT'S COMPLETELY SAFE. THIS IS A HOUSE OF GOD; THEY WILL BE ABLE TO HELP US.

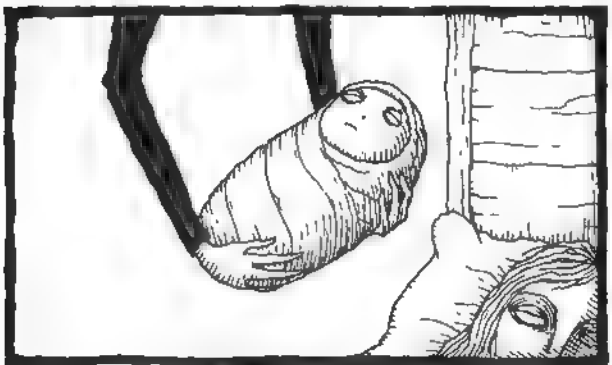
HELLO, CHILD. I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER WITH YOUR INTENTION OF RETURNING FROM FRANCE WITH REBECCA. BUT WHY DO I FIND YOU HERE SO DISTRESSED?
I NEED YOUR HELP, MOTHER.
SISTER MARY, WILL YOU SEE TO REBECCA WHILE I SPEAK WITH MY DAUGHTER?
OF COURSE, MY CHILD. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.
BUT, CAN'T I STAY WITH YOU?
OF COURSE.

NO, MY DEAR. SISTER MARY WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU UNTIL I AM FINISHED.
COME ON, REBECCA. I WILL SHOW YOU THE GARDEN. IT'S LOVELY THIS TIME OF YEAR...

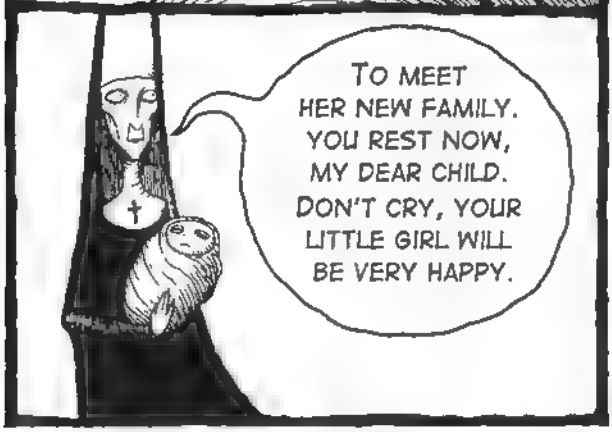

IS SHE WITH CHILD? IS THAT WHY YOU'VE COME?
NO, SHE'S A GOOD GIRL. IT'S MUCH MORE SERIOUS THAN THAT.
I SEE.

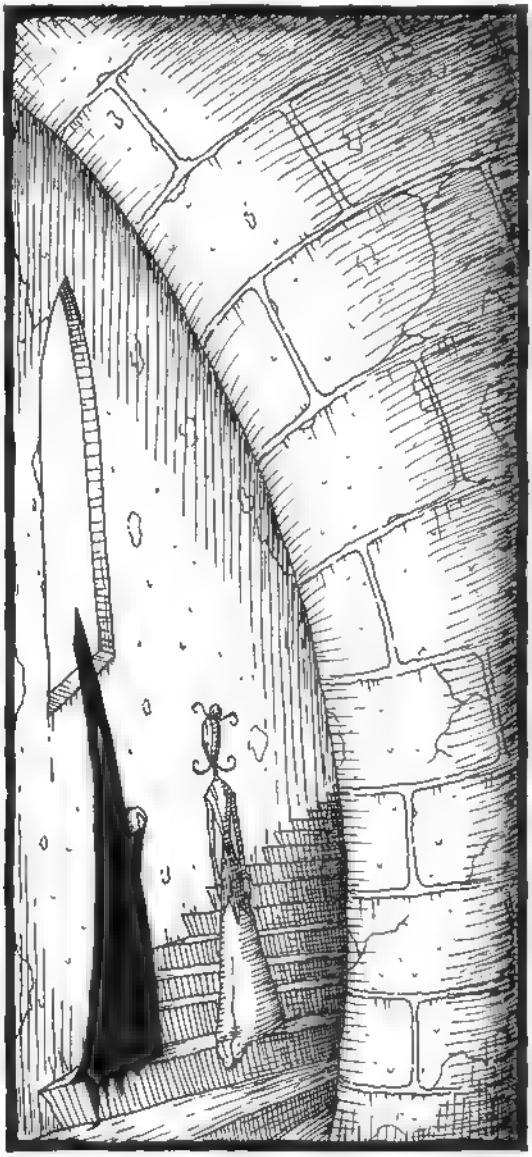

I HAVE TO ATTEND TO A YOUNG GIRL WHO'S JUST GIVEN BIRTH. WILL YOU WALK WITH ME?
OF COURSE.

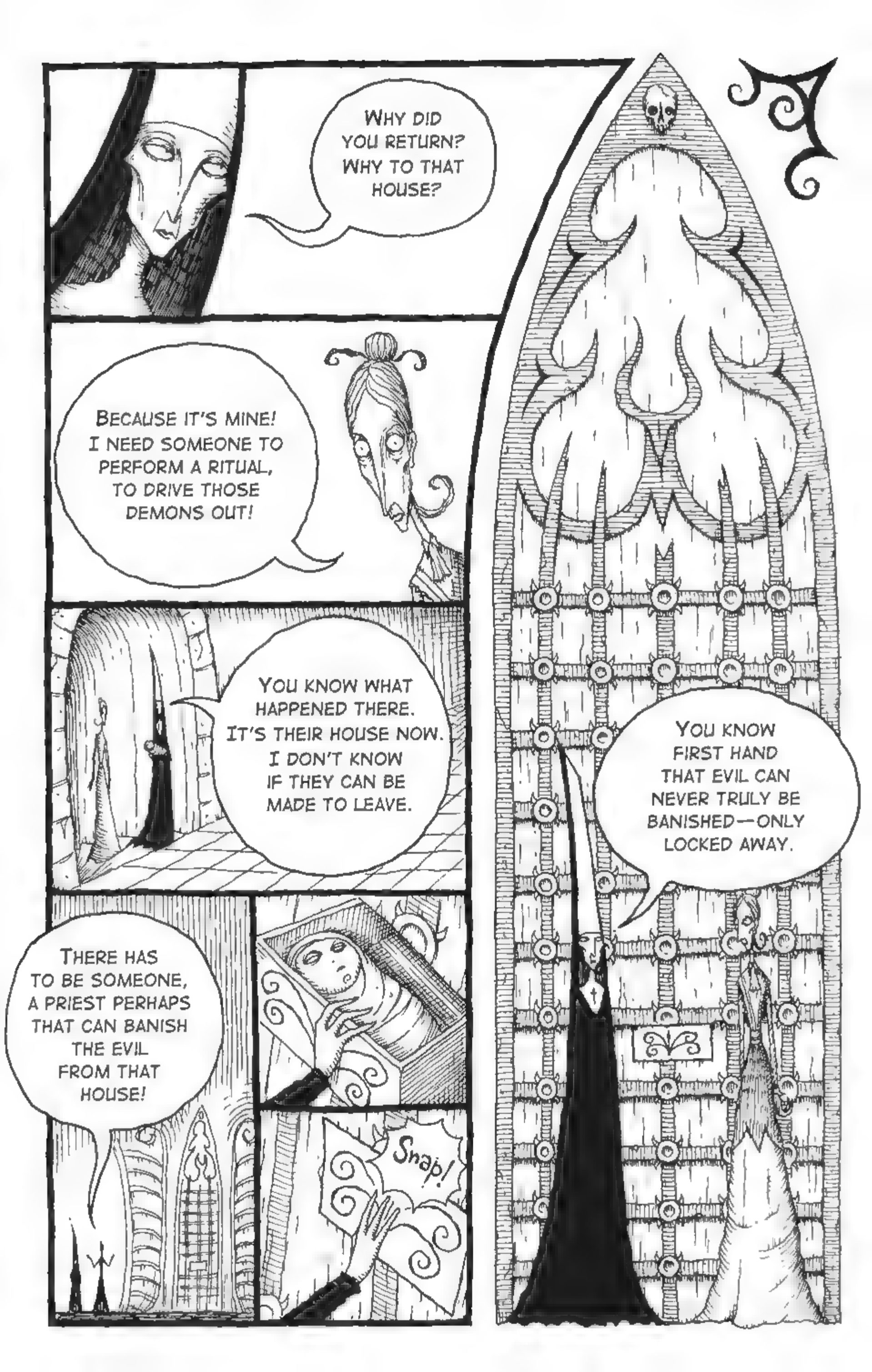




WHERE ARE YOU TAKING MY BABY, MOTHER?

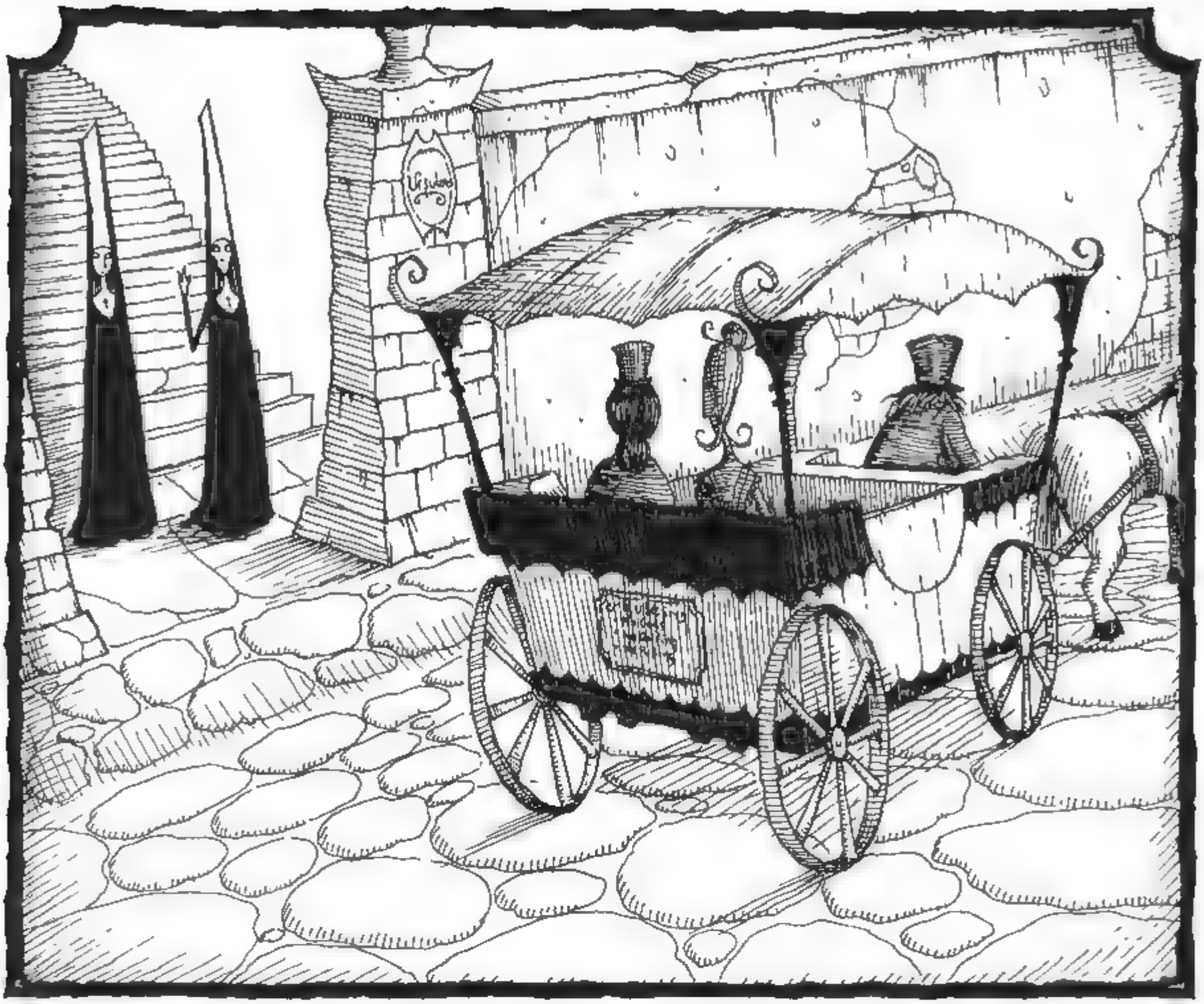

TO MEET HER NEW FAMILY. YOU REST NOW, MY DEAR CHILD. DON'T CRY, YOUR LITTLE GIRL WILL BE VERY HAPPY.

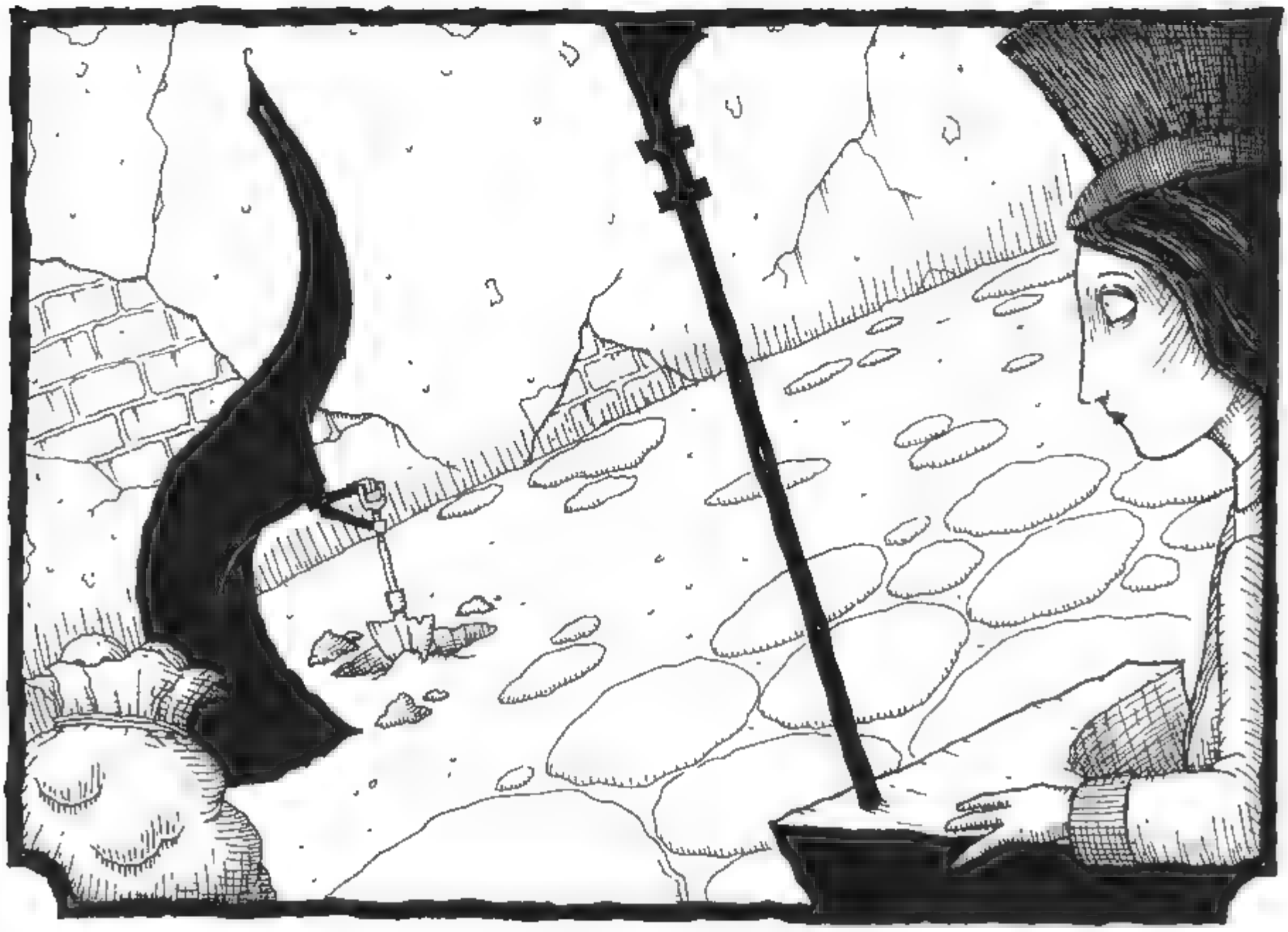


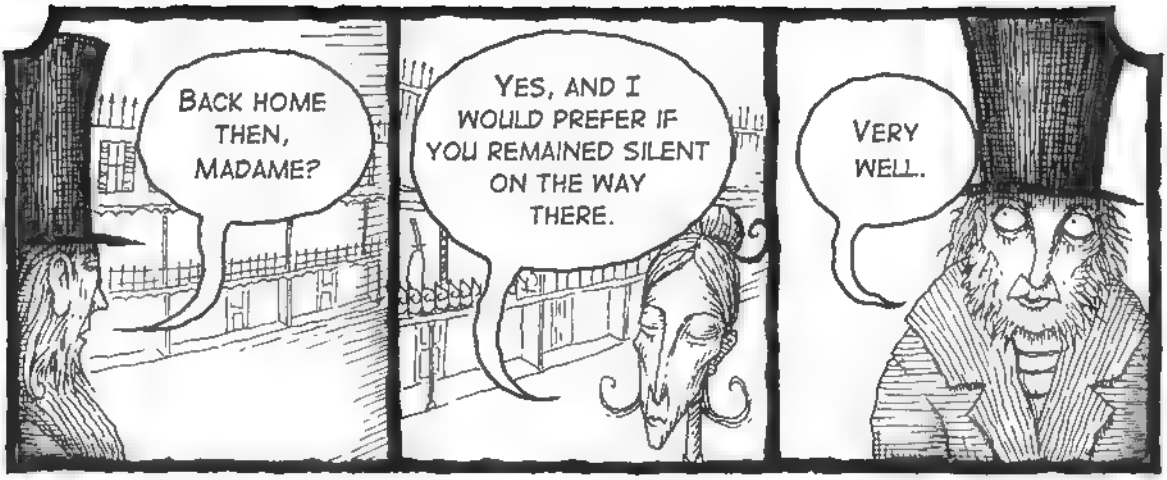

WHY DID YOU RETURN? WHY TO THAT HOUSE?
BECAUSE IT'S MINE! I NEED SOMEONE TO PERFORM A RITUAL, TO DRIVE THOSE DEMONS OUT!
YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED THERE. IT'S THEIR HOUSE NOW. I DON'T KNOW IF THEY CAN BE MADE TO LEAVE.
THERE HAS TO BE SOMEONE, A PRIEST PERHAPS THAT CAN BANISH THE EVIL FROM THAT HOUSE!
Snap!
YOU KNOW FIRST HAND THAT EVIL CAN NEVER TRULY BE BANISHED—ONLY LOCKED AWAY.

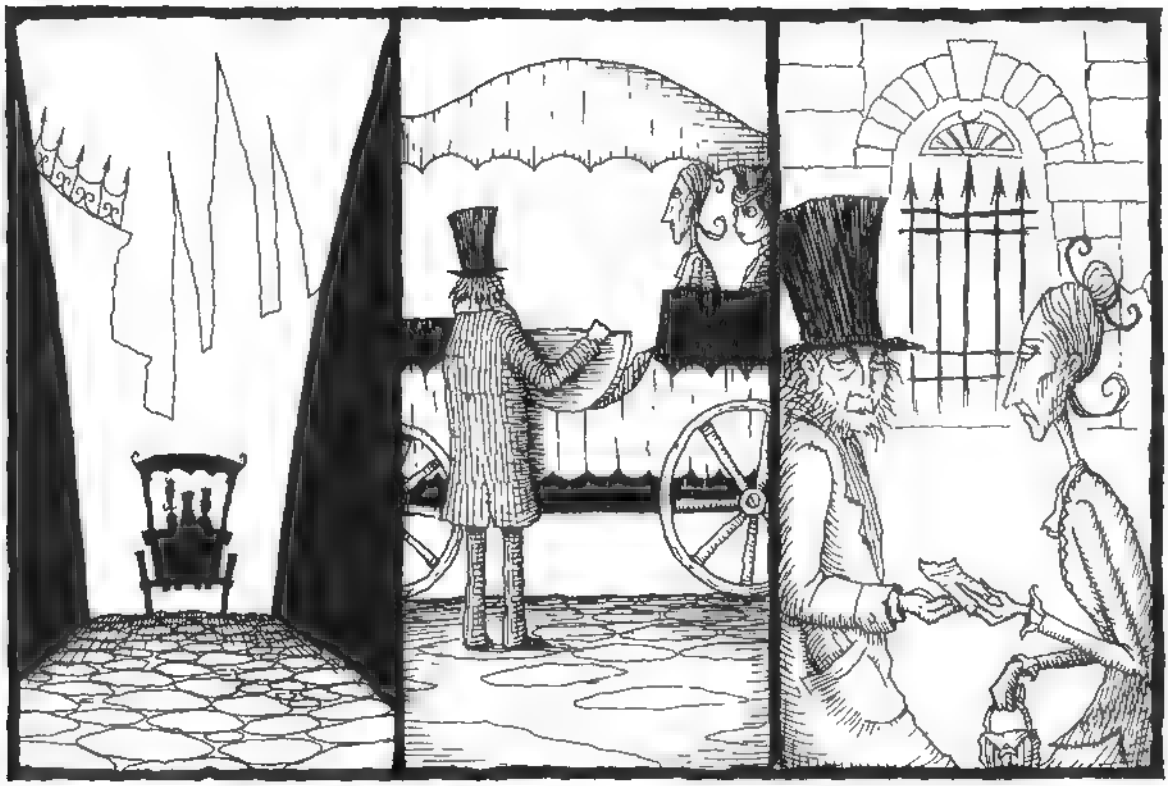
I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT, MOTHER, BUT YOU ASKED THAT I COME UP AT ONCE AND CLEAR SOME THINGS AWAY.
YES, OF COURSE. GO ABOUT YOUR DUTIES. YOU'RE NOT DISTURBING US.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
YES, YOU DO. YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN. BUT I WILL SEND OVER A PRIEST TO HELP YOU, IF THAT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.
YES, MOTHER, THANK YOU.
IT IS NICE TO SEE YOU, MY CHILD. I HAVE MISSED YOU THESE MANY LONG YEARS.

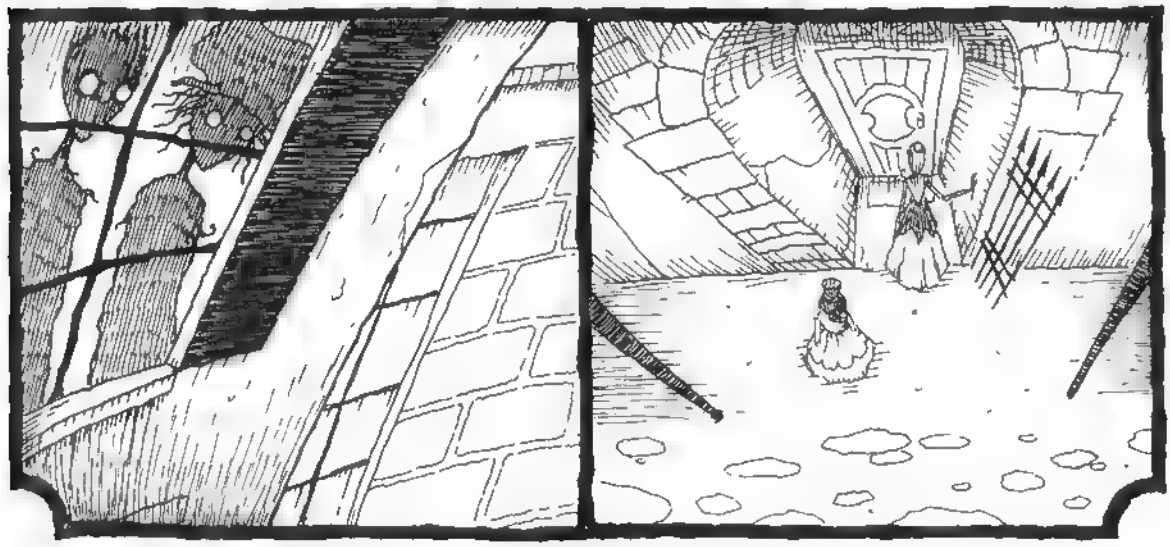
BUT THE YEARS HAVE NOT TOUCHED YOU! HOW CAN THAT BE?
TIME STANDS STILL HERE. YOU KNOW THAT.
HAD YOU STAYED WHEN GIVEN THE CHANCE, TIME WOULD HAVE SPARED YOU AS WELL... WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME BACK HOME, MY CHILD?
NO! I WILL NOT LET THOSE GODLESS CREATURES SEND ME HOME CRYING TO MY MOTHER LIKE A LITTLE CHILD! I WILL SEE THEM DRIVEN BACK TO HELL BEFORE I LET THEM HURT ME AGAIN!
THAT'S THE CHILD I KNOW AND LOVE. I WAS HOPING AGE HADN'T TAKEN YOUR SPIRIT.
SEND THE PRIEST IF YOU WILL, BUT THERE MAY BE LITTLE LEFT OF THOSE DEMONS FOR HIM TO CONTEND WITH AFTER I'VE DEALT WITH THEM!
GOOD GIRL.
THANK YOU, MOTHER.

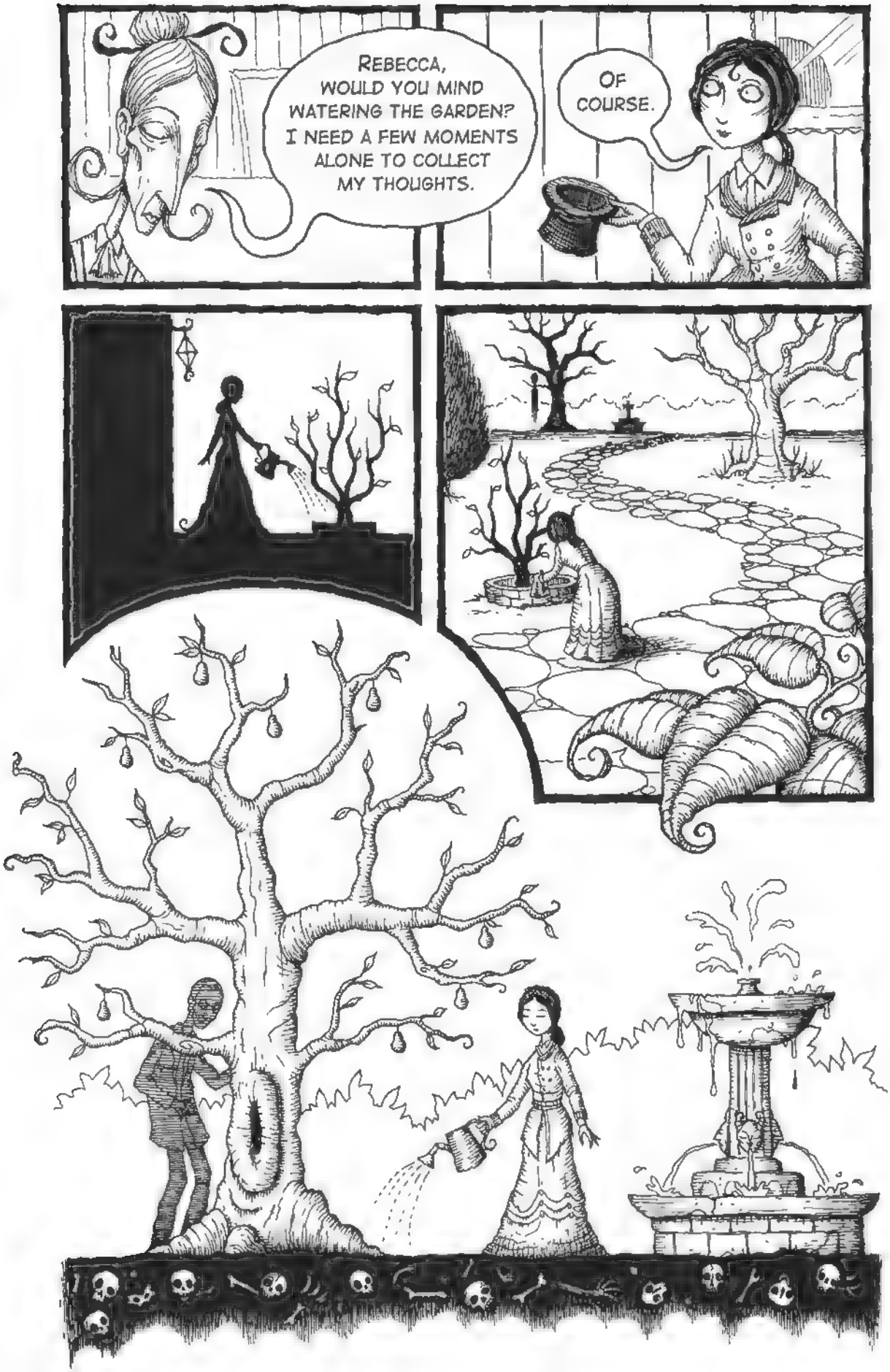




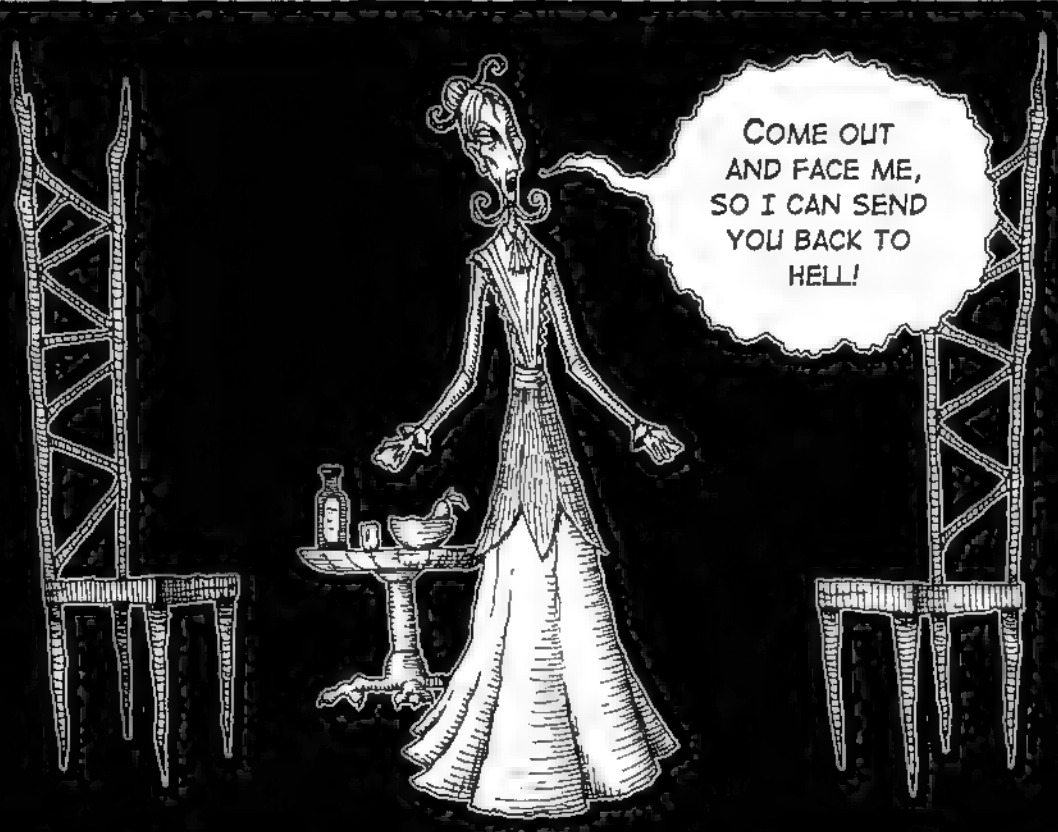

BACK HOME THEN, MADAME?
YES, AND I WOULD PREFER IF YOU REMAINED SILENT ON THE WAY THERE.
VERY WELL.

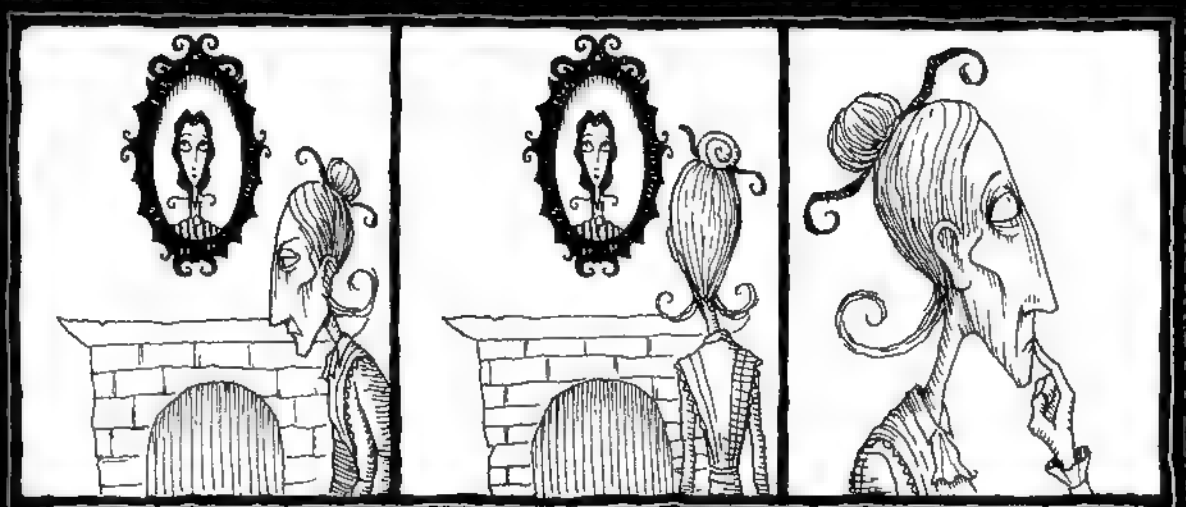


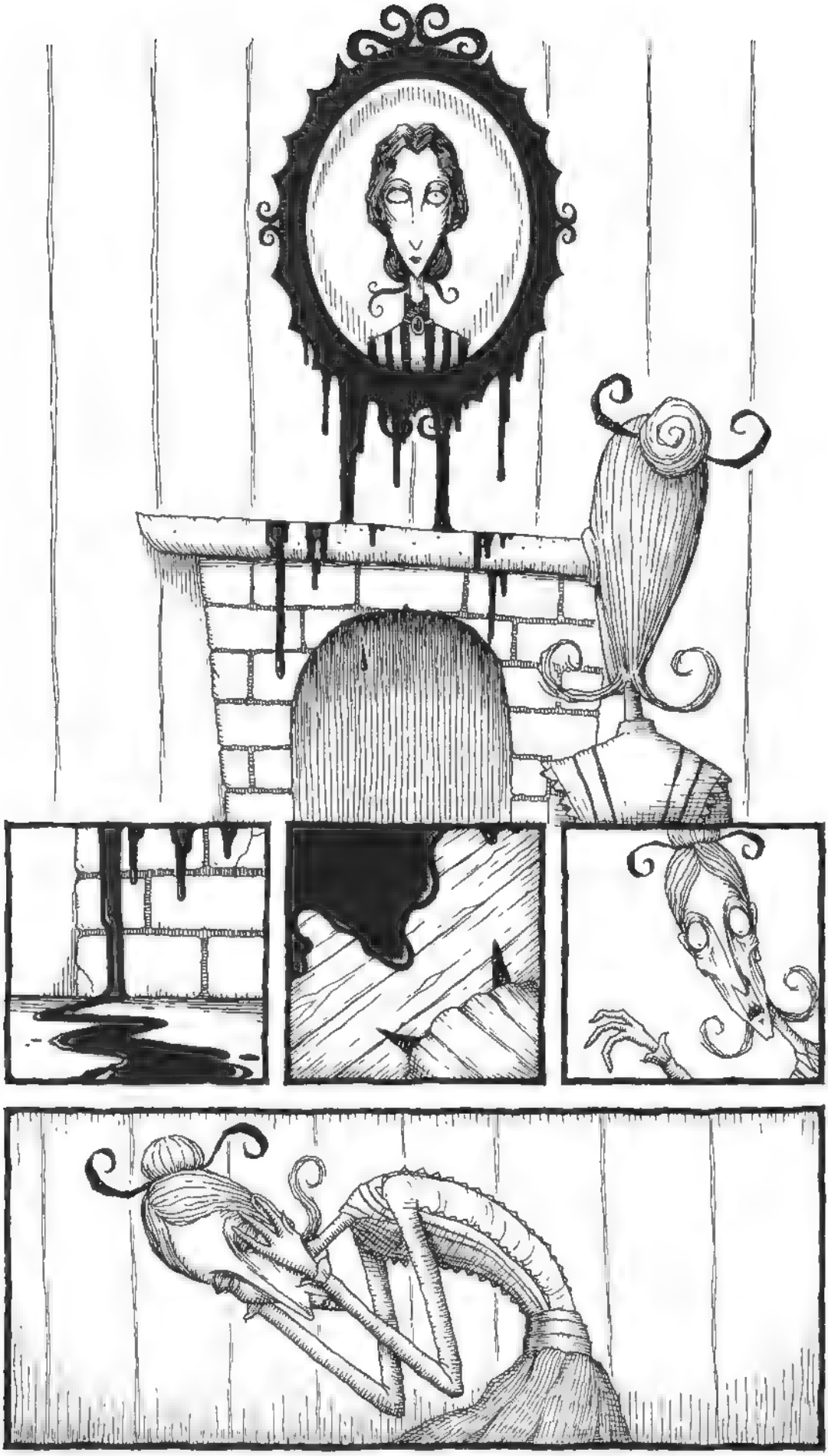



REBECCA, WOULD YOU MIND WATERING THE GARDEN? I NEED A FEW MOMENTS ALONE TO COLLECT MY THOUGHTS.
OF COURSE.

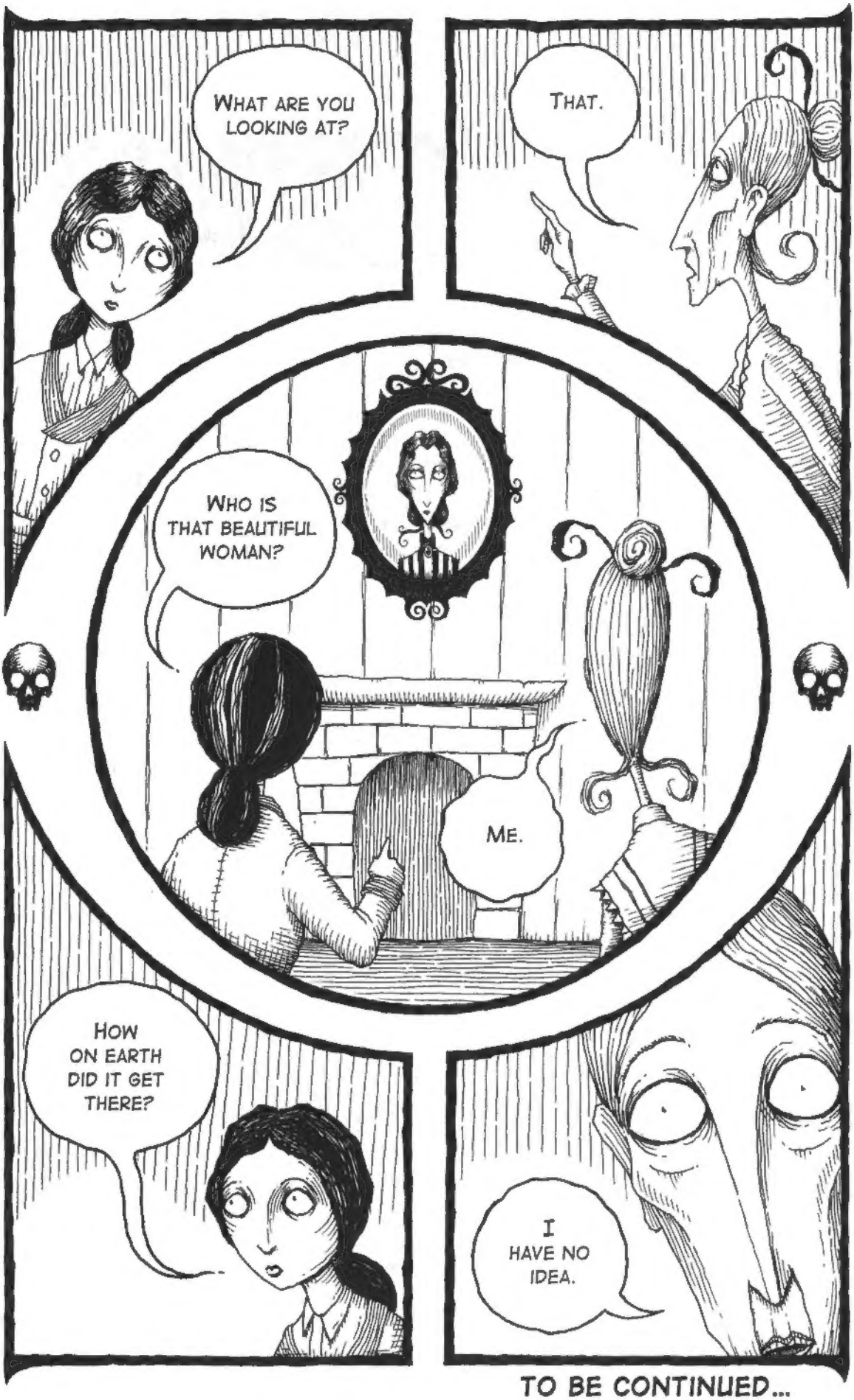
NEVER GO TO THAT CONVENT AGAIN, NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOUR AUNT IMPLORES YOU.


COME OUT AND FACE ME, SO I CAN SEND YOU BACK TO HELL!





WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHY WON'T YOU JUST GET OUT OF MY HOUSE?
AUNT VICTORIA?



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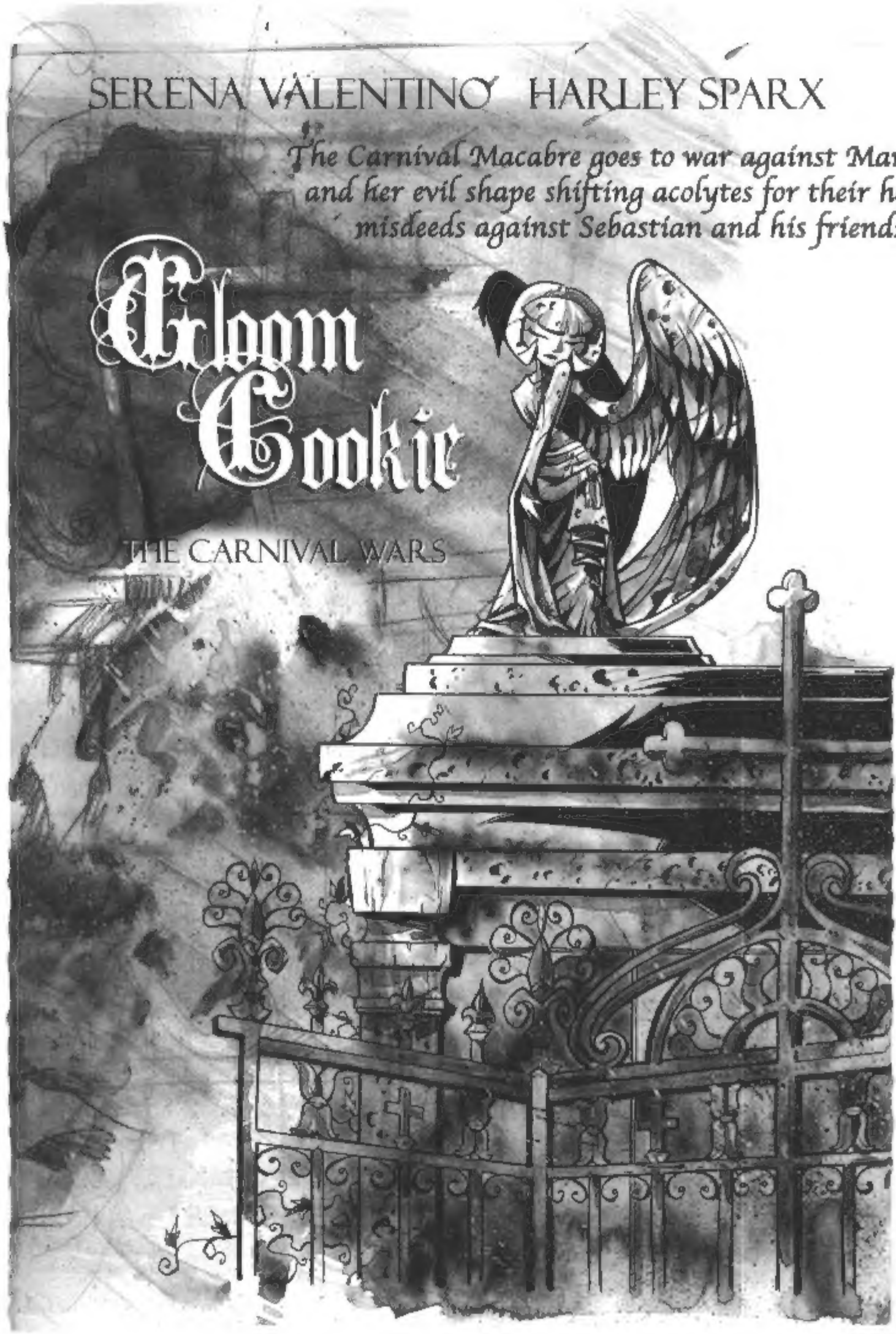

NEW IN OCTOBER 2005!

GLOOMCOOKIE : THE CARNIVAL WARS

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Nightmares & Fairy Tales #15 – December 2005

Serena Valentino & Crab Scrambly

1140 Rue Royale continues...

VICTORIA & REBECCA ARE BEING TORMENTED BY MALICIOUS SPIRITS...THE VICTIMS OF HORRIFIC CRIMES THAT WERE INFLICTED BY THE HOUSE'S PREVIOUS OWNER, MADAME LALAURIE. DESPERATE FOR HELP,VICTORIA APPEALS TO THE SISTERS AT THE NUNNERY FOR ASSISTANCE, PUTTING ALL OF THEIR LIVES IN GRAVE DANGER.

HELLO MY DARLINGS,

THIS SPACE IS USUALLY RESERVED FOR ME TO WRITE DIRECTLY TO YOU, OUR READERS, TO LET YOU KNOW HOW MUCH WE APPRECIATE YOUR LETTERS & SUPPORT - AND WE DO, MORE THAN YOU KNOW. BUT THIS TIME I WOULD LIKE TO SHARE PART OF A LETTER I RECEIVED FROM JIM FITZMORRIS, A PLAY-WRIGHT I HAVE BEEN CORRESPONDING AND WORKING WITH. HE IS A PROFESSOR AT TULANE UNIVERSITY, AND A DISPLACED DENIZEN OF NEW ORLEANS. I FEEL WHAT HE HAS TO SAY IS WORTH SHARING HERE. BUT BEFORE I LET JIM TAKE OVER, I WANT TO SAY I HAVE THE MOST WONDERFUL FANS A WRITER COULD ASK FOR, YOUR LETTERS, GENEROSITY, SUPPORT AND ASSISTANCE IN HELPING SOME OF MY FRIENDS FIND THEIR LOVED ONES FROM NEW ORLEANS (VIA MY LJ: WWW.LIVEJOURNAL.COM/USERS/BRATTY_PRINCESS/) HAS BEEN GREATLY APPRECIATED.

MY LOVE AND THANKS,

-SERENA

NOW, JIM'S LETTER:
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 2005
SERENA,

I QUOTED TENNESSEE WILLIAMS BEFORE, AND I THINK "STREET CAR NAMED DESIRE" IS MORE RELEVANT NOW THAN WHEN IT WAS FIRST WRITTEN. NEW ORLEANS HAS ALWAYS BEEN A HOME FOR THOSE SEEKING A RETREAT, A RECHARGE, OR A CHANCE TO BEGIN A NEW LIFE. IT HAS WELCOMED THE WEIRD AND THE WONDERFUL FROM ALL POINTS WITH ITS PROMISE OF ALLOWING THE WANDERER A PLACE TO JUST BE. NO ONE WAS A STRANGER LONG IN NEW ORLEANS. IT MADE A DEAL WITH ALL ITS VISITORS, "IF YOU ALLOW US TO BE, WE WILL EXTEND YOU THE SAME COURTESY." IT REMAINED ONE OF THE FEW PLACES IN THE COUNTRY WHERE THE OLD WORLD HADN'T BEEN BOWDLERIZED BY THE NEW. IT HAD MANAGED AN UNEASY BUT VIBRANT TRUCE BETWEEN THE VALUES OF PERPETUAL MOVEMENT THAT EPITOMIZE THIS NATION AND A WORLD WHERE A LUNCH BREAK WAS A LEISURE MEANT TO RENEW THE SPIRIT RATHER THAN REFUEL FOR MORE OF THE WORKING DAY. THIS CITY ASKED YOU NOT TO BE AFRAID OF OR SEEK TO EXORCISE ITS GHOSTS BUT RATHER ACCOMMODATE THEM IN ORDER TO LEARN FROM THE LESSONS OF THE PAST. I AM AFRAID THAT IN THIS SUDDEN SURGE OF NEW GHOSTS, NEW ORLEANS WILL BE ENTERING A WORLD THAT WALTER BENJAMIN DESCRIBED AS A PLACE WHERE "EVEN THE DEAD WILL NOT BE SAFE." IT IS IMPORTANT TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS THAT THEY INSIST THE CITY BE REBUILT WITH THOSE VALUES I HAVE DESCRIBED LEFT INTACT RATHER THAN A THEME PARK REMNANT OF WHAT ONCE WAS. I LOVE DISNEY'S HAUNTED MANSION AS MUCH AS ANYONE, BUT I LOVE IT IN ORLANDO NOT ON ROYAL.

THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR SUPPORT,

JIM

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